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The first volume, that by Professor Miller, gives the impression of having been written at different times and not being fully welded together; indeed, the author says, his studies in this field have been pursued during brief vacations. There are many repetitions and sometimes contradictory statements. Thus he says (p. 101) that it is thought the Bishop of Burgundy paid Wessel's board at the convent of Sta. Clara in the latter part of his life; but, on the other hand, "after he reached Paris there is no indication that he received assistance from any one" (p. 114). A biography should give at once the data as to the birth of its subject, that the reader may know where to place him. These Professor Miller does not give until page 42, though on page 19 he incidentally mentions the year in which Wessel was born. The second volume contains translations by Professor Scudder of Wessel's principal theological works. Students of the precursors of the Reformation are indebted to the author and the translator for presenting in so accessible and attractive a form the work of one of whom Luther said, "If I had read his works earlier, my enemies might think that Luther had absorbed everything from Wessel, his spirit is so in accord with mine."

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**LIFE AND LETTERS OF STOPFORD BROOKE.** LAWRENCE P. JACKS, D.D., LL.D. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1917. 2 vols. Vol. I, pp. x, 350. Vol. II, pp. 351-718. \$4.75.

Writing to a friend about reading a certain *Life*, Stopford Brooke asks, "Why do you read a book of that kind, and done by a relation too? One knows beforehand all that it will be, and that more than half will be of interest to the relative and none to the world." (I, 524). This, it must be confessed, is a somewhat arbitrary ruling, and if we were to follow it, we should lay aside this *Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke*. It is written by a "relation" — Dr. Jacks is a son-in-law; many of the letters are addressed to "relatives" and are of interest only to them. But there the parallel ends. Much of this *Life* is of interest "to the world." We could wish the correspondence had reached out to wider circles; but what there is gives to the picture an intimate touch, and the book as a whole presents us with the portrait of a man, magnetic, brilliant — somewhat Bohemian — the artist-preacher of London in the later decades of the nineteenth century.

Stopford Brooke was born in Ireland of Irish parents. There went to his make-up English, Scotch, and Welsh elements as well

as Irish — but the Irish predominated. He ever remained an Irishman in sympathies and prejudices. His first curacy was in London. This gave him a personal knowledge of the conditions in which the poor live, and helped to make him a socialist. It gave him a profound sympathy with the poor which found expression in nearly every sermon he preached. "There is no doubt that among the many causes which made him rebel against the existing economic system, this — the present lot of women — was the chief. When he spoke of the poor — and he hardly ever preached a sermon without speaking of them — it was poor *women* who had the chief place in his thoughts" (I, 280). All this had its origin in his experience as a curate.

But a curacy in London on a salary of £60 a year was not a position of affluence or influence, especially with an unsympathetic rector. Brooke surrendered his curacy. He married. This marriage brought him into touch with people of influence in the political, literary, and art world. He was appointed chaplain to the British Embassy at Berlin. It was in the days of the English Crown Princess, and he became a great favorite of that lady. She wanted him to be tutor to her son — the present Kaiser; and Dr. Jacks ventures a surmise as to whether it would have had any effect on the present-day happenings had the Kaiser been educated under English influences instead of German. The surmise is idle. Brooke failed to find that spiritual helpfulness among the Christian teachers of Germany he had expected, but he saw nothing of those characteristics which Germans have shown in recent times. His wife had truer intuitions. While in Berlin Mr. Brooke completed the *Life of F. W. Robertson* — the famous English preacher. We know the place it has taken in religious biography. It is a remarkable book to have been written by one so young and from a single sitting. Brooke met Robertson only once.

On his return to England Mr. Brooke spent some weary months "looking for a job." He had come under suspicion of being "unsafe"; bishops and rectors in the search for promising young men looked askance at him. Dean Stanley used his influence, but the Dean himself was suspect. Besides, the Broad Church party had not many "livings" at its disposal, and there was an impression that Brooke could buy himself a "living" if he would. That he did not care to do, but he took the lease of a chapel belonging to Lord Carnarvon in St. James' Square, London. It was a venture, and all his friends advised him against it; but it gave him what he wanted — a pulpit in London from which to preach his gospel. Financially

it was not a success. He did not lose by it, but he did not gain. "I get out of it," he writes, "about £50 a year; and it sometimes touches me with a kind of dark anger that after twelve years in the Church I should only be earning £50 a year" (I, 213) — and well it might. But he won for himself a name as a prophetic and impassioned preacher. It was in St. James' Chapel that he gave those literary-religious lectures he afterwards published under the title of *Theology in the English Poets*. These he delivered on Sunday afternoons. They were an innovation at the time and he was severely criticised and condemned. He has had many imitators since.

While he was at St. James' Chapel his wife died. Dr. Jacks does not tell us much about Mrs. Brooke, but he tells sufficient to show how close was the attachment between husband and wife. Brooke seemed to live in the sense of her presence, and she continued to have a profound influence on all his thinking.

Whether her death had anything to do with his final break with the Church is not shown; that break followed some years after. He had won for himself a recognized position as a preacher, and Queen Victoria had appointed him one of her chaplains. This was in a measure due to the Crown Princess of Germany. It was a great honor and secured him favor. Years afterwards he tells us in his diary that the Queen wanted to make him a canon of Westminster, but "when the Queen asked Disraeli to make me a canon of Westminster, he said, 'I could not appoint a man of his politics.' And when she afterwards tried Gladstone, he said, 'I could not appoint a man of his theological views.' I didn't care twopence about being a canon" (I, 309). Had Brooke been made a canon, we don't know what might have happened. Heretics have preached in Westminster Abbey and been elevated to the episcopate. But that was not to be his fortune; his disagreements were too radical. He had ceased to believe "that miracles were credible and that since the Anglican Church founded its whole scheme of doctrine on the miracle of the Incarnation, a disbelief in that miracle put him outside the doctrine of that Church." Besides, he not only "disagreed with its doctrine, he also disapproved of its very existence as an ecclesiastical body, and of the theory of its existence in relation to politics, to theology, and to religion." Moreover, he had "come to regard the Church, in 1880, rightly or wrongly, as on the side of the rich; and he himself stood definitely on the side of the poor" (I, 319).

These are sufficiently weighty reasons for separating himself from the Church. Pressure was brought to bear to induce him to remain

where he was; but he put it aside. He would have none of the sophistries of the Broad Church party. The yoke which lay lightly on its shoulders pressed heavily on his. His reason, his conscience, his whole nature demanded expression, and he stepped out of the Anglican Church a free man. There was no bitterness in his leaving, and none towards him on the part of the clergy. With one exception, they abstained from criticism, and Brooke after his secession never indulged in recrimination. No malice entered into the memories he cherished.

By this time he had left St. James' Chapel, the lease having expired. Some friends had bought the lease of Bedford Chapel, Bloomsbury, and presented it to him. He therefore in a measure owned his church. He retained the Anglican form of service, changing it to suit his changed views, and compiled for himself a hymn-book, which is somewhat remarkable for its long hymns — Brooke believed in long hymns. His preaching now took on a greater freedom and a greater power. It was wider than ever in its scope. It possessed a spiritual fervor and artistic grace which were unique. His biographer points out that he was not a theologian nor was he a metaphysician. He was not even an ethical philosopher; his faith had more of a mystical than an ethical basis. He did not despise morality — far from it; but he founded his belief on union with God and all that comes therefrom. What theology he did preach was Christocentric. He laid emphasis on the human nature of Christ, but he exalted the meaning of Humanity. He came under the influence of Mazzini and his "Christology became a mode of interpreting the gospel in the terms of social ideals. It pointed less to the salvation of individual souls one by one and more to the creation of a new community founded on the brotherhood of men in Christ" (I, 310).

His preaching continued to be attractive. Some few friends left him when he severed his connection with the Anglican Church, but others took their place, and Bedford Chapel became the Mecca for many kindred spirits, and some that were not kindred. He won the sympathy of the Unitarians and many of them became frequent attenders at his Chapel. Dr. Martineau and his family were among the number. Yet there was a phase of Brooke's preaching that did not appeal to that aged philosopher. While he was liberal in religion Dr. Martineau was conservative in politics, and it must have been a trial to his tolerance to have to listen to Brooke's socialistic sermons. But Martineau was one of the most tolerant of men, and he looked upon this preaching as sowing the wild oats of youth.

"Ah, well," he said, "you know Brooke is Brooke. But he'll learn wisdom as he grows older." Brooke at the time was sixty years of age; Martineau was approaching ninety (II, 451).

On leaving the Church of England Brooke abstained from allying himself with any other sect. He was not attracted to Nonconformity; he seemed to share the feeling of Matthew Arnold that there was something Philistine about it. The logical step would have been to join the Unitarians, but Brooke was not logical. While holding to some of their views he kept aloof. The Unitarians understood this. As Dr. Jacks bears witness: "A multitude of congratulatory letters poured in upon him from Unitarian clergymen; but not one of them had the bad taste to welcome him into their denomination. As individuals they offered him the right hand of fellowship, and it was a fellowship that was rightly offered and gladly accepted, for otherwise he would have stood alone. He sometimes called himself a Unitarian, but not in the sense of being a member of that body, and he greatly disliked the name" (I, 320).

As to Brooke's ultimate faith his biographer himself suggests doubts. From vague hints given us in this *Life* we might almost imagine he became a pagan. Dr. Jacks refers to a peculiar habit he had when taking the water-treatment at Homburg. "He would contrive a myth and set his own life in the midst of it; or he would call up spirits from the vasty deep, and would laugh and play and converse with these brilliant creatures of his imagination as though they were his visible companions, as who can say they were not?" (II, 555). The biographer gives several extracts from his diaries — stories of how the water-sprites, the genii of the wells, made their appearance. They were all real to him. This was not once but at frequent times during a number of years.

What does it all mean? Was it a return to childishness? The answer seems simple: it was the Celtic nature, the Celtic imagination he had inherited from his forebears, finding expression in his old age. It was a phase in Brooke's development.

But what can we say of this other occurrence? In 1911 Brooke "made the acquaintance of Rabindranath Tagore, and the two men spent some time together. Strangely enough, he never would tell what passed in these interviews. . . . All that he would say was, 'I have had a wonderful time, a wonderful time!'" (II, 586).

We have no right to want to lift the veil which both he and his biographer have drawn over that interview; but the importance given it does suggest the question, What really happened? Did Brooke surrender his Christian faith and accept the pantheistic

philosophy of his Indian visitor? Dr. Jacks suggests that "Brooke's genius was much akin to the spirit of the East" (II, 585). Perhaps had age and vigor permitted he might have evolved some form of faith which harmonized the semi-paganism of Rabindranath Tagore with his own Christian belief. But we do not like to think he lost his way in a vague Tagorism. Fortunately we are relieved of that fear. In a letter written a few months before his death, speaking of the cruel war and its problems, he says, "I was glad I was able to make Jesus a reality to you. In the midst of all these horrors He is now the one reality to me. The world was cruel to Him, and He saw unlovingness at its height around Him, and yet He said God was love, and He could leave Peace as His last legacy to His people. I do not understand how He could say and do this — but I believe He was right, and cling to that" (II, 659). He died in the faith.

He was greatly distressed over the world-war. He had always held the Germans in respect. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 his sympathy was with the Prussians. That was the attitude of most of the English "Intellectuals" of that period. They did not know they were the dupes of a forged telegram. But in this war Brooke saw nothing favorable to Germany. Writing to his daughter he says: "What a dreadful business this is. It weighs on me day and night. It is a shameful crime to have started it, and I am afraid it has been deliberately planned and done by Germany. I hope not, but I am afraid it is true, and I am more sorry, if it be true, than I can say. But I cannot speak of it. I had hoped we could remain neutral, but we could not have done that without disgrace and ruin afterwards. But it was not without something like agony of mind that I felt we must go to war" (II, 655).

His own grandsons entered the war as active combatants, and a letter he writes to one of them, Lieutenant Lawrence Jacks, (at the front) is a confession and a rebuke: "If I were young, I should like to be with you, fighting for all that humanity needs in the future, but at eighty-three what can I do but feel with you and give what I can? . . . The pessimists about us are turning now to optimism since the French have made so brave and vigorous a resistance at Verdun. I am glad that these gentlemen are becoming saner. It is poor work and a poor spirit to be crying woe, woe, when all of you are doing so patiently and so splendidly" (II, 663). This was written nine days before his death.

Brooke never visited America. His only son, Stopford Wentworth Brooke, was minister for some years of the First Church in Boston. Brooke himself had often wished to come. In 1894 he ac-

cepted an invitation to give a course of lectures at the Lowell Institute on English Poetry — a subject in which he was a master; but he was taken ill just as he was about to leave home, and the trip had to be given up. It was a bitter disappointment to him. "Why didn't they ask me ten years sooner?" he said. He was interested in America. In connection with this great war he held the opinion that "the industrial system would go to pieces under the shock of civil war, and he expected that the beginning would be in America" (II, 652) — a view held by many socialists.

There is much more that is worthy of notice in this *Life*. Brooke was a man of many parts. He made for himself a prominent place in literature, and he could have done the same in art, his biographer assures us. He loved art, and he surrounded himself with its works. Pictures and books were his idols. Dr. Jacks has shown us this and has shown us many other things. He has succeeded in giving us a living picture of a living man. Instead of being a disadvantage to have been "done by a relative," it is a decided gain; and we close the book feeling that it is written by an artist and by a lover too.

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THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. Edited by WILLIAM PETERFIELD TRENT, M.A., LL.D., Professor of English in Columbia University; JOHN ERSKINE, Ph.D., Professor of English in Columbia University; STUART P. SHERMAN, Ph.D., Professor of English in the University of Illinois; CARL VAN DOREN, Ph.D., Headmaster of the Brearly School. In three volumes—Vol. I, Colonial and Revolutionary Literature; Early National Literature, Part I. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1917. Pp. xx, 584. \$3.50.

Some one has said that any number of facts independently stated are little better than gossip, but that even two facts shown in their relations are history. Evidently the relations in which facts may stand to one another are many and various. Broadly speaking, when history is concerned with literature, they may be divided into two classes — relations, like those of chronology, which when once established are indisputable; and relations, like those of schools or of influences, which must always remain more or less matters of opinion. At first glance the plan of the history whose first volume is now before us would appear to be of the former character; for we are promised that the second volume will concern "Early National Literature, Part II," and the third, "Later National Literature, 1850–1900." One would suppose, accordingly, that Book I,